

ROCKY LANE'S BLACK JACK



JULY



ROCKY LANE'S



A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

BLACK JACK

10¢



MASULLI +
WASTRERGIO -

Are YOU SKINNY like I was?

a 90 lb. weakling who became world's strongest man



George Jewett BEFORE



George Jewett Champion of Champions World's Greatest Builder of Champions and REAL HE-MEN out of SKINNY and FLABBY weaklings

WIN A BIG Silver Trophy and \$100 IN CASH



MAIL THE COUPON TO ME NOW and I'll Send You FREE these 5 AMAZING PICTURE-PACKED COURSES

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Formerly \$5.00 each, MILLIONS were sold at \$1.00. Send for them ALL FREE. Mail Coupon BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE and you have to pay \$1.00 or \$5.00.

Just RUSH me your LAST CHANCE COUPON below with YOUR NAME and ADDRESS ON IT

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How to GAIN UP TO 50 LBS. OF MIGHTY MUSCLES!

And Become a REAL HE-MAN like MARY THOUSANDS of My Pupils in 10 Minutes of FUN a Day

Yes! I'll Show You By My Quick, Easy Methods How To

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How to BECOME A WINNING ATHLETE in ALL POPULAR SPORTS.

How to BEAT ANY BULLY.

How to DO FEATS OF STRENGTH.

How to be a WINNER in EVERYTHING YOU TACKLE.

YES! Your Success Story Can Soon Be Like John Sell and thousands of my pupils. Think of it—a skinny weakling like you became a **MIGHTY HE-MAN**—with a **BIG SILVER TROPHY**, his name, accomplishments engraved on it and \$300. A few weeks before, everybody picked on John, too weak to fight for his rights. TODAY everybody admires John's movie star build, **HE-MAN STRENGTH**, his mighty ARMS, heroic CHEST, slender WAIST, rock-like TOES, broad, manly BACK, wide military SHOULDERS, new popularity with the BOYS and GIRLS. His winning drive in ALL SPORTS, his energy at work and studies.

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Pick the kind of BODY YOU WANT. Check All Your Needs.

Friend, I traveled the world, showing every secret to PERFECTLY develop your body. My "Big Picture Course" method is TESTED PROVED by hundreds of thousands like YOU. TEN YEARS, hundreds of COLLEGE, and movie show champions—John Sell, Jim Norman, Tony Pascarella—our Mail course below!

(before it is too late)

as John Sell and the others did

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This Can Be YOU in a Short Time!

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Mailing Coupon
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I added 7 inches to MY CHEST, 3 1/2 INCHES to EACH ARM. No, Paul You don't have to be a chick-en-chested skinny weakling like I was only a few weeks ago.

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THEY CALLED ME "SKINNY"— BUT NOW THEY CALL ME MR. MUSCLES

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Volume 2, Number 23

JULY, 1955

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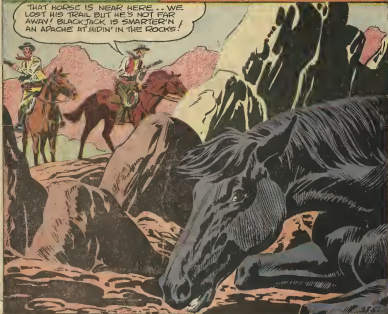
ROCKY LANE'S

BLACK JACK

THE EXILE

THEY SAID HE WAS CONTAMINATED... EVERY MAN'S HAND WAS AGAINST HIM, THERE WAS A REWARD OUT FOR THE GREAT STALLION! BLACK-JACK COULDN'T EVEN GO NEAR HIS WILD BUNCH... THEY WERE WATCHING TOO CLOSELY!

THAT HORSE IS NEAR HERE... WE LOST HIS TRAIL BUT HE'S NOT FAR AWAY! BLACK JACK IS SMARTER'N AN APACHE AT HIDIN' IN THE ROCKS!



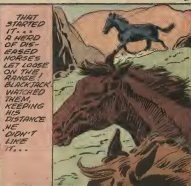
BLACK JACK HAD FRIENDS ON THE RANGE... HIS WILD MUSTANGS FOLLOWED HIM TO GOOD GRASS, SWEET WATER AND MEN WEREN'T MUCH OF A MENACE! THEN, THE STRANGE HORSE HERD CROSSED THE BORDER AND...

CHASE 'EM A WAYS, JUAN. THEN LET 'EM SCATTER! WE CAN'T PEDdle THIS BUNCH! THEY'RE ALL SICK HORSES!





PATRON, THESE HORSES ARE SEEK! MAKE OTHER HORSES SEEK!



THAT STARTED IT... A HERD OF DISEASED HORSES LET LOOSE ON THE RANGE! BLACKJACK WATCHED THEM, KEEPING HIS DISTANCE. HE DIDN'T LIKE IT...



SOMETHIN'S WRONG WITH THAT BUNCH OF MUSTANGS! THEY'RE... IT'S BLACKJACK'S WILD BUNCH! THEY'RE IN BAD SHAPES! HOPE BLACKJACK AIN'T GOT IT TOO!



THAT PUNCHER, AN OLD ADMIRER OF BLACKJACK, DIDN'T WASTE TIME! HE HEADED FOR TOWN AND THE VETERINARIAN!

IF BLACKJACK'S GOT THE FEVER, HE'LL NEED HELP! 'SIDES, THE SHERIFF 'LL WANT TUH KNOW ABOUT THIS!



YEAH, SHERIFF, BLACKJACK'S BUNCH IS DEAD OR DYIN'! BLACKJACK LOOKED OKAY... I GUESS HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

I HOPE SO... HE'S A GREAT HORSE!



I'M AFRAID IT DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER BLACKJACK HAS THE DISEASE OR NOT! HE'S BEEN EXPOSED TO IT... HE MUST BE DESTROYED.



JUST TRY HURTIN' THAT HORSE... I'LL CHASE YUH TILL YUH DROP!

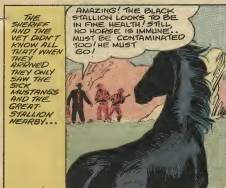
HELP SHERIFF! I'VE GOT MY DUTY... SO HAVE YOU!

HE'S RIGHT, BILL! IF BLACK-JACK HAS THE DISEASE, HE GOTTA GO!

THE SHERIFF LED THE VET AND A POSSE OUT IMMEDIATELY! MEANWHILE BLACKJACK WAS HAVING TROUBLE KEEPING HIS MUSTANGS AWAY FROM THE NEWCOMERS!

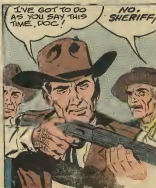


BLACK-JACK DIDN'T KNOW WHY THEY WERE SICK... HE JUST SENSED THAT THEY WERE A DANGER! HE GUARDED THEM... KEEPING AWAY HEALTHY ANIMALS!



THE SHERIFF AND THE VET DIDN'T KNOW ALL THAT! WHEN THEY ARRIVED THEY ONLY SAW THE SICK MUSTANGS AND THE GREAT STALLION NEARBY...

AMAZING! THE BLACK STALLION LOOKS TO BE IN FINE HEALTH! STILL, NO HORSE IS IMMUNE... MUST BE CONTAMINATED TOO! HE MUST GO!



I'VE GOT TO DO AS YOU SAY THIS TIME, DOC!

NO, SHERIFF,

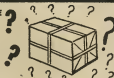
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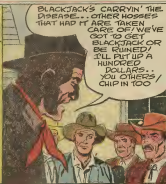
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BLACK JACK



THE POSSE TOOK CARE OF THE SICK, DYING ANIMALS, BURYING THEM ON THE PRAIRIE! THEN RODE BACK TO TOWN... A MEETING WAS HELD!



MEANWHILE, BLACKJACK, OUT OF INSTINCT, HAD HOLED UP IN THE BADLANDS NEAR THE BORDER! HE WAS LONELY, AN EXILE... BUT HE HAD COMPANY NEARBY!



BLACK JACK

BLACKJACK, SENSING THE DANGER OF THE DISEASED HERD, WENT WILD! THE WEARY HORSES DIDN'T FIGHT BACK... THEY TURNED AND RAN!



THERE'S BLACKJACK... CHASING THAT BUNCH O' HORSES!

THEY'RE ALL SICK TOO! WHY DOES HE CHASE THEM? A HORSE CAN'T KNOW THESE THINGS!



BLACKJACK GOT THEM ALL BACK ACROSS THE RIVER... THOUGH HE HADN'T TOUCHED ANY OF THEM, HE WASHED HIMSELF IN THE MUDDY RIO GRANDE.



HE DOES KNOW THERE WAS DANGER OF INFECTION! IF HE'LL LET ME EXAMINE HIM, PERHAPS HE NEED NOT BE DESTROYED.

HE LOOKS HEALTHY TUM ME!

HE'S ALL RIGHT! THOSE HORSES WEREN'T HIS HORSES WE FOUND WITH THE DISEASE! THEY MUST'VE BEEN DRIVEN IN LIKE THE BUNCH HE CHASED BACK ACROSS THE RIVER!



THE TWO HORSE PEDDLERS WERE PUT UNDER ARREST, AND TAKEN TO JAIL! BLACKJACK'S REWARD WAS WITHDRAWN! HE WAS NO LONGER IN EXILE...

I'M SURE GLAD, BLACKJACK! FOR A WHILE, I THOUGHT IT WAS ALL OVER FOR YUH!



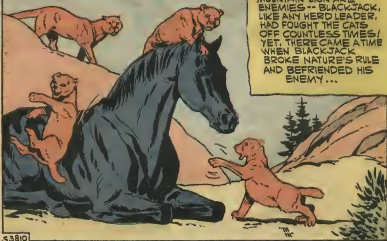


ROCKY
LANE'S

BLACK JACK

in 'STRANGE
PARDNERS'

THE MUSTANG AND THE MOUNTAIN LION ARE ENEMIES -- BLACKJACK, LIKE ANY HERD LEADER, HAD FOUGHT THE CATS OFF COUNTLESS TIMES! YET, THERE CAME A TIME WHEN BLACKJACK BROKE NATURE'S RULE AND BEFRIENDED HIS ENEMY...



53810

THE MIGHTY STALLION WAS AWAY FROM THE HERD WHEN THE STRANGE EPISODE BEGAN! HE WAS IN THE HIGH CANYON COUNTRY, TRAILING AN ENEMY...



HE'S SOMEWHERE AROUND -- IF I GET A ROPE ON BLACKJACK, I'LL MAKE PLENTY! I'LL GIT 'IM...



THERE HE IS!
I OUGHTA
SHOOT HIM!
OOPS!



YUH'RE A JINX,
BLACKJACK! BUT
I'LL GIT YUH!



REMOS HAD A TRAP... HE SET IT CLEVERLY
FOR THE STALLION! THE TRAP WAS
PLACED NEAR THE ONLY SPRING, WITHIN
MILES...

THOSE LARIATS'LL DO THE
TRICK! WHEN BLACKJACK STEPS IN-
TUH THE TRAP, HE'LL BE GRABBED!



BUT BLACKJACK WASN'T THE
ONLY POSSIBLE VICTIM! NEAR-
BY, A BIG FEMALE PUMA WAS
THIRSTY--HER LITTER OF CUBS
HAD TO BE LEFT BEHIND...



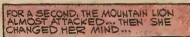
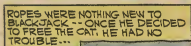
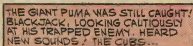
THE MOTHER LION WAS EXHAUSTED
FROM CARING FOR HER LITTER!
SHE WAS THE CATCH REMOS
FOUND...

A PUMA--I DIDN'T GET
THE HORSE BUT THIS PUMA WILL
BE PROFITABLE TOO! THERE'S A
BOUNTY ON THEIR SKINS!



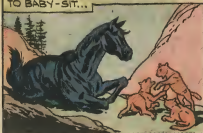
REMOS RAISED THE WINCHESTER,
BUT THE BULLET NEVER FOUND THE
TARGET...



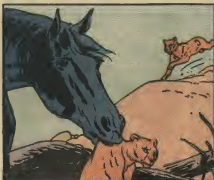


BLACK JACK

MOUNTAIN LIONS USUALLY TRAVEL IN PAIRS -- WHEN THERE ARE CUBS, THE MALE STAYS NEAR TO HELP MAMA. THIS TIME, HOWEVER, THE MOTHER LION WAS ALONE! BLACKJACK STAYED AROUND TO BABY-SIT...



BLACKJACK LOVED ANYTHING SMALL AND HELPLESS! THE PUMA'S CUBS WERE NEVER IN DANGER WHEN THE STALLION WAS NEAR...



IT DIDN'T LAST LONG -- LION HUNTERS, LED BY REMOS, CAME INTO THE CANYONS! BLACKJACK DID THE LIONESS AND HER CUBS ONE LAST FAVOR...

THAT BLACK'S LEADIN' US AWAY ON PURPOSE! HE'S ANXIOUS TUH GIT US OUTA THIS CANYON!



SO THE STALLION WAS GONE... BUT HE LEFT MEMORIES BEHIND! PERHAPS WHEN THE TINY CUBS ARE HUGE, SNARLING KILLERS, THEY WILL REMEMBER BLACKJACK AND SPARE A COLT TO REPAY...



END



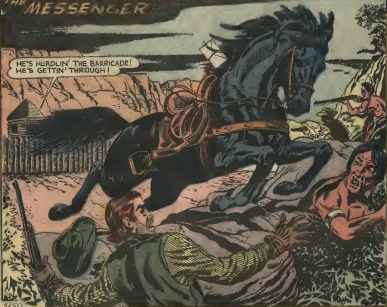
ROCKY LANE'S

BLACK JACK

THE MESSENGER

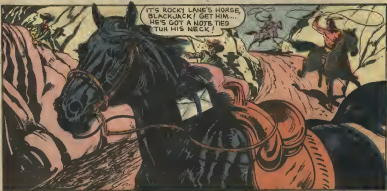
NO MAN COULD GET PAST THEM...THE RENEGADE INDIANS AND THE OUTLAWS SURROUNDED THE TRADING POST, SURE THEY'D GET THE FORTUNE IN GOLD AND FURS INSIDE! ROCKY LANE COULDN'T LEAVE-- HE WAS NEEDED TO FIGHT, THERE WAS ONLY ONE ANSWER...TO SEND A MESSENGER, A MESSENGER FAST ENOUGH AND GUNNING ENOUGH TO GET BY!

HE'S HURDLIN' THE BARRICADE!
HE'S GETTIN' THROUGH!



3450

IT'S ROCKY LANE'S HORSE, BLACKJACK! GET HIM...
HE'S GOT A NOTE TIED
TUN HIS NECK!



BLACK JACK

THE GREAT STALLION DODGED THROWN ROPES... HE TWISTED AWAY FROM HIS ENEMIES TIME AND TIME AGAIN! BUT ONE ROPE CAME CLOSE...



GET AFTER HIM... HE'S GOIN' FOR HELP!

HOLD IT, BOYS! LET 'IM GO! I'VE GOT THE MESSAGE HE WAS CARRIN' RIGHT HERE!



HE MAY GET TUN TOWN... BUT WHEN HE DOES, THEY WON'T KNOW WHY HE CAME! IT'S A CINCH A HORSE CAN'T TALK!



TALK OR NOT, BLACKJACK COULD RUN LIKE THE WIND! AND HE RAN FASTER THAN EVER BEFORE THAT DAY



BLACKJACK HAD BEEN TOLD WHAT TO DO... WHO TO GO TO!

YOU'VE GOT TUN GET THROUGH, BOY! GO TO THE SHERIFF! THE SHERIFF, BLACKJACK! HE'S GOT TO GET A POSSE AND GET BACK HERE TODAY! GO ON BLACKJACK, RUN!



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JET PLANE WITH RADIO ENGINE



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RADIO



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Address or RFD _____

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BLACKJACK MORNING

THE STALLION WAS SEEN APPROACHING TOWN... HIS FRIENDS TRIED TO HALT HIM WHEN HE ARRIVED! THEY WANTED TO GIVE HIM WATER BUT....

HI, BLACKJACK! WHOA, BOY, SLOW DOWN! YOU'RE ALL HEATED UP! I'VE GOT WATER FER... HI! LOOK OUT!



IT'S MARSHAL LANE'S HORSE! LOOK... HE'S TRYING TO GO INSIDE! THE SHERIFF IS ASLEEP IN THERE! HE WAS WORKING ALL NIGHT!



SHERIFF ELLIS THOUGHT IT WAS A TRICK AT FIRST... THEN HE REALIZED THAT BLACKJACK WAS HIS ONLY CALLER!

HELLO, BLACKJACK! YUH'RE ALL SWEATED UP! WHERE'S... HEY!



BLACKJACK NUZZLED AND PUSHED THE SHERIFF INTO HIS OFFICE! THAT OFFICIAL KNEW HE WANTED SOMETHING... AND HE KNEW IT WAS HELP WHEN BLACKJACK WAITED WHILE HE BUCKLED ON HIS GUNS AND GOT HIS HAT!

HEY, JEFF, BLACKJACK'S HERE... HE WANTS SOMETHIN'! WHERE'S ROCKY LANE?

HE RODE BLACKJACK OUT THIS MORNIN'! HE MENTIONED THE CAVE GANG... SAID HE WAS GONNA CHECK ON 'EM!



ALL RIGHT, BOYS, YUH'RE ALL SWORN IN AS A POSSE! IF BLACKJACK'S HERE WITHOUT HIM THERE MUST BE MORE'N ONE! LET'S GO!



BLACK JACK

5

LET'S GO, BOYS! BLACKJACK WILL SHOW US THE WAY!



BLACKJACK HAD ALREADY COVERED THE DOZEN MILES TO TOWN AT TOP SPEED... BUT HE SEEMED TIRELESS LEADING THE POSSE BACK!



HOLD IT, BOYS! THE MARSHAL MUST BE NEAR. LOOK! THERE'S HORSES! THE CLIFF GANG IS NEARBY SOMEWHERE! LET BLACKJACK HUNT 'EM OUT!



MEANWHILE, ROCKY LANE AND THE OTHERS INSIDE THE TRADING POST WERE OUT OF AMMUNITION! AND THE RENEGADE INDIANS AND OUTLAWS HAD MOVED IN!

OKAY, LANE, WE HOLD THE ACES! IF YUH EXPECT HELP FORGET IT! WE GOT THE NOTE YUH SENT WITH THAT BLACK DEVIL O' YORES!



I OWE YUH PLENTY O' GRIEF, LANE! I'M GONNA SQUARE IT RIGHT NOW!



THE OUTLAW WAS SHAKING WITH RAGE! HE WAS ABOUT TO RELEASE THE COCKED HAMMER WHEN...





Just A Just Judge

July 17th., 1875, was a fairly warm yet comfortable day in the Indian Territory. Things were fairly peaceful. Sheriff Dave Hartley sat in his office at Cold Harbor. He was looking through a variety of wanted notices. They bore the names of Lou Getter, Mike Ponsett, Kid Egan and others who had defied the law in another section of the country.

"It's one thing to arrest a man," he remarked to his deputy, Monte Wells, "and another thing to see him stand trial and get what he deserves. I heard them say that President Grant was sending out a judge. That means he's going to be in charge of the difficult Federal Court of Fort Smith with jurisdiction over much of the Indian Territory. What we have needed for many years is something that is hard to find in a judge — a man who is severe when he has to be; understanding when he has to be; a man with a fistful of guts to make people know the law is here to stay. We are getting a new west. The time has gone when a man could feel his law was in his gun. By September 15th. of this year it will be illegal for any man to carry a revolver into the limits of any community of more than one hundred residents. So actually that includes practically every time. Protection must come from the lawmen. That includes us two and every man wearing a star."

Monte Wells was fixing his buffalo rifle and listening at the same time. He had been a trader, buffalo hunter and a miner before pinning a deputy sheriff's badge on his vest.

"Man needs time for reflectin'," he replied. "Once the plains was just thick with them buffalo. Like a forest they were packed so tight. Now you gotta search far and wide for buffalo. So anybody with eyes in his head knows things change. Just hope the judge isn't very old. Guess he will need some protection if he hands out stiff sentences."

At Fort Smith itself, Colonel Mark Henry Hawkins read the letter on his desk. Then he turned to Captain Jerome Lubner.

"The stage should arrive in the afternoon. There is no secret about it. Guess people all around have been talking about the judge that's coming here. Until he gets a home of his own, we fix up a room for him at the fort. If necessary we assign men to him for his protection. Only hope he isn't too old to take the severe winters we have here."

"And a lot of other things," added Captain Lubner. "Wonder how long he will last? Not much money in being a judge. Whoever he is, he certainly could make more money at law.

We'll do our best to help. There's talk about a welcoming group going out to the stage office. So I guess we'll be there too."

Fort Smith boasted a lot of establishments, but not so large and elegant as that owned by Edward Faxon. He was seated at the last table and speaking to some of his "boys."

"Maybe I have to spell this out for you," he began. "But I have been in a lot of places before I came to Fort Smith. We'll take a look at the judge. But looks can't really tell you anything. It's actions that count. Something will happen and then we will know what is going to happen to the territory."

At three in the afternoon the stage pulled into the station. A large group of both interested and curious people were at hand. The driver jumped down from his seat to the ground followed by the shotgun guard. He opened the door and two men came out. The first was a man of about 6 feet 3; weighing at least three hundred pounds. He was muscle and not fat. His age was probably forty five. He was followed by a much younger man — probably thirty at the most. He was thin and with a very pleasant smile on his face. Colonel Hawkins went up to the big man.

"I am Colonel Hawkins from Fort Smith," he introduced himself. "Judge, let me welcome you to our territory. We have a room waiting for you at the fort."

"I'm not the judge," corrected the big man. "I am Charles Colburn, newly appointed United States Marshal for this district, with specific orders to give the fullest needed protection to the new judge. He is Milton Beagan. He can talk for himself and he can handle himself. I obey him."

There was a peculiar silence in the crowd as they eyed the two men. The Colonel had come with a buckboard and he took the two men to the fort. The crowd went on their way. They little knew that on July 17, 1875, the law in the person of Milton Beagan had come to stay for a period of twenty one years. During that time more than twelve thousand defendants would stand before him. He would see that every one of them had a scrupulously fair trial. Eighty-eight of them would be sent to the gallows. For Judge Milton Beagan would carry out his duties which he interpreted as: Make the West safe for law abiding citizens.

The first case to open the court we know definitely from the records: Also because it gave the territory quite a shock. It concerned Sam Lawton. On August 14, 1874, Sam Lawton had shot and killed Pete Kemper. "Self

defence," was the claim. But every one knew the complete story. Pete Kempter had a claim. Sam had jumped it. When Pete went to dig, he was shot. Sam Lawton was also a friend of Edward Faxon.

"You can't deny the shooting," advised Edward Faxon. "People saw it happen. You just admit it and plead self defence."

When the case came to trial, the youthful Judge asked the defendant if he wanted a jury trial.

"Naw," was the reply. "You're good enough for me."

"You are entitled to be represented by a lawyer," continued the Judge.

"Naw," was the reply. "I tell my facts. You free me."

So quickly Sam Lawton told his story. The Judge looked at some paper the Marshal had handed him. Then he turned to Sam Lawton.

"It is important that the Court understand the ground on which you used your revolver. You are claiming that the late Pete Kempter was trespassing your claim. You ordered him off it. He refused. Then the trouble started."

"Right," grinned Sam Lawton.

"But you were a claim jumper," corrected the Judge. "The Marshal has given me a copy of the recording of the claim by the late Pete Kempter. You didn't file any claim. You probably didn't even know that such a claim had been filed. You were big and tough. Since the claim was that of the late Pete Kempter, you were the trespasser. Not he! If you shot him, it was either murder in the first degree for which, you would be hung at the gallows, or it might be first degree manslaughter, which carries a term of ten years in the territorial penitentiary."

Sam Lawton was not carrying his gun in the court room. For a big sign had been placed outside: "All guns must be checked." He was in a daze. This couldn't happen to him. But it did! For the law had come to the territory. He was sentenced the next day to the ten year term in the territorial penitentiary. To forestall any attempt at rescue, Colonel Hawkins sent a guard of twenty five cavalry men with the convicted man.

Within twenty four hours the word had

been carried almost to every part of the territory. President Grant had appointed a judge who was going to see that the criminals went to trial. It gave courage to every law man. Even in Cold Harbor, Sheriff Dave Hartley took another look at the wanted notices and spoke to his deputy.

"Know what it means now? If those men wanted by the law stay around -- they are finished. Otherwise they better ride out fast. Let's start looking all around."

At the end of the first year, Edward Faxon watched his "boys" vanish. Rustling and stage coach holdups were almost down to the zero point. Now you couldn't even carry a gun unless you were a law man. He spoke to his last two "boys."

"Get rid of the Marshal and the Judge can be pushed right over."

There are many versions of what happened. I got my version from the grandson of Marshal Colburn. According to him this is what took place:

The Marshal was told to come to Faxon's establishment. A "wanted man" was there. When he walked in he found himself facing Faxon and his two "boys."

"Where's the wanted man?" asked the Marshal.

"Me," replied Faxon. "I'm wanted for the killing of Billy Sanderson in Dodge City. My real name is Jed Richy. Now go for your gun and try to arrest me."

"I arrest all of you," interrupted the voice of the Judge. "Don't you go for your guns. I made my way through law school as a revolver tester for the government. If you think I am lying, do as you wish. I am carrying two .45's underneath this coat. I can have them out blazing before you can even touch your gun butts. Just stay there and let the Marshal bring you in."

I guess you would say the three of them were shocked. They just seemed rooted to the spot. The Marshal took the three of them in tow and said one word to the Judge: "Thanks."

"Don't mention it," replied the Judge. He was also the perfect gentleman.

— THE END —



BEEF WAS HIGH--THE RAILROAD CAMPS WERE PAYING TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS A HEAD FOR CATTLE DELIVERED AT TRACKS. END! AND JESS BLICK WAS GETTING RICH IN A HURRY--TOO MUCH OF A HURRY TO SUIT NEARBY RANCHERS WHO WERE LOSING STEERS! RED GROGAN WAS GIVEN THE JOB OF PROVING THAT BLICK'S GUNSLINGERS WERE RUSTLING THE . . .

RUNNING GOLD!



DON'T MOVE, RANGER!
IF YUH DO, I'LL END IT
RIGHT NOW!

GO AHEAD, BLICK, SHOOT!
THAT HERD'S GONNA DO IT
ANYHOW!

RED GROGAN WASN'T WEARING A BADGE WHEN HE ARRIVED IN BLICK'S ROUND-UP CAMP! BLICK LOOKED HIM OVER AND . . .



YUH'RE HIRED, GROGAN!
ONE THING WE DON'T LIKE
IS SNOOPERS! SO IF YUH
JUST DO YORE WORK AN'
FORGET WHAT YUH SEE,
YUH'LL BE OKAY!

JESS HIRED YUH, REDHEAD, BUT I THINK HE MADE A MISTAKE! FIRST WRONG MOVE YUH MAKE, I'M USIN' MY COLT!



BLACK JACK

BLACK'S RIDERS WENT OUT IN PAIRS--COMBING THE RANGE FOR CATTLE BRANDED WITH THE JB BRAND--AND ANY OTHER BRAND THEY FOUND WHEN NO ONE WAS LOOKING!

GET THEM? THEY'RE NOT JB COWS, SHUT UP-- THEY'RE DOUBLE SEVEN CATTLE! WE'LL CHANGE THE BRANDS! LET'S GO!



THE DOUBLE SEVEN BRAND IS MINE, COWBOY! FOLKS SHOOT RUSTLERS IN THIS PART OF TEXAS!

KEEP AN EYE PEELED OFF TUH MY LEFT, MISTER! HONEST PEOPLE GIT SHOT AROUND HERE TOO!



YUH GOT YORE COWS BACK, RYAN! LIKE MY PAL JACK KIERNAN ALLUS SAYS, DON'T HOLLER WHEN YOU AIN'T HURT!

JACK KIERNAN? WHAT'S HE--OKAY, COWBOY, BEAT IT! JUST DON'T RUN OFF ANMORE O' MY BEEF!



GIT ALONG! MOVE, YUH FLEA-BITTEN BONEBACKS!

HOLD IT, COWBOY!



TONY MATT SAW THE RANCHER--HE CAME ON THE RUN, HIS HAND CLOSE TO HIS COLT--HE!

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE MISTER?

I'M ED RYAN! I CAUGHT THIS RUSTLER CHASIN' MY BEEF NORTH! KEEP OUTA THIS!



I THOUGHT I'D NEED SAM COLT'S CONVINCER THEN! WHO'S THIS KIERNAN GUY YUH MENTIONED?

A COWPOKE I KNEW ON THE BRAZOS! FORGET IT--LET'S GET TUH WORK!

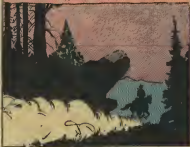


BLACK JACK

CAP KIERNAN'S NAME SHUT RYAN UP--FOR A MINUTE, I THOUGHT TONY MATT WAS GONNA USE HIS GUN! IF HE'D TRIED, I'D HAVE HAD TO STOP HIM--AN' BLICK'S 'RUSTLIN' CAREER WOULD KEEP RIGHT ON ROLLIN'!



BLICK'S HUGE CREW ROUNDED UP THOUSANDS OF CATTLE--MORE THAN HALF OF THEM WEARING OTHER MEN'S BRANDS! RED GROGAN GRABBED HIS CHANCE TO RIDE ALONG THAT NIGHT...



WHO'S THAT?

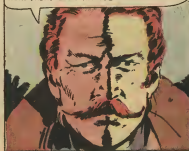
THE NAME'S GROGAN, RED GROGAN OF THE TEXAS RANGERS! MOVE INSIDE OUT OF THAT LIGHTED DOORWAY!



WE WERE HAVING A MEETING ABOUT YOUR BOSS, GROGAN! FIRST, HOW CAN WE BE SURE YOU'RE A RANGER?



I'M HERE TALKIN' TO YUH--THAT SHOULD BE PROOF ENOUGH! ANOTHER THING--I CAN QUOTE THE LETTER YOU WROTE TO JACK KIERNAN WORD FOR WORD! NOW, HERE'S WHAT YOU'VE GOT TO DO!



RED TALKED FAST AND LEFT A FEW MINUTES LATER! BUT, WHILE HE WAS AWAY, TONY MATT DID A LITTLE SNOOPING IN HIS BLANKET ROLL...

HE'S A RANGER, BOSS! I KNOW FROM THE STUFF I FOUND!

GOOD WORK, TONY! WE'LL SEE--I HEAR A RIDER COMIN' NOW!



BLACK JACK

YOU STILL UP, BOSS?
I THOUGHT I WAS A
NIGHT OWL, PROWLIN'
AROUND THE HERD
LIKE I WAS DOIN'!

YOU'RE A LIAR,
RANGER! KEEP HIM
COVERED,
TONY!

DON'T GET
RECKLESS,
RANGER!

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, TONY! I'M
GONNA WRAP THAT PISTOL AROUND
YORE NECK!

GROGAN KNEW HE WAS IN FOR A ROUGH TIME!
HE DIDN'T WAIT FOR THEM TO START IT! . . .

HOLD IT, COWBOY! STAND STILL OR
I'LL HAVE ONE LESS BREAKFAST
TUH COOK COME MORNIN'!

OKAY, RANGER, YUH HAD YORE FUN!
I'LL HAVE MINE AT SUN-UP!

RED GROGAN WAS WELL GUARDED! THE OTHERS HAD BREAKFAST,
THEN WENT OUT WITH ORDERS TO START THE HERD NORTH FOR
THE CANYON! RED HAD GIVEN A HORSE AND DRIVEN, UNARMED,
INTO THE CANYON FIRST . . .

HEAR THE HERD, GROGAN? THEY'RE
COMIN' THROUGH -- YOU'LL STILL
BE HERE AFTER THEY'RE PAST!
I'LL BE CLOSE TUH MAKE SURE!

BLACK JACK

BLICK'S CREW HAD THEIR ORDERS--THEY YELLED AND FIRED SHOTS NEAR THE HERD UNTIL THE BEEF BEGAN TO RUN! NOTHING COULD STOP THEM IN THAT CANYON!

STAND RIGHT THERE, GROGAN! THERE WON'T BE ANY EVIDENCE FOR THE RANGERS TUH STEW OVER WHEN IT'S OVER!



RED WAITED--THEN, JUST WHEN THE HERD WAS ON TOP OF HIM, A SHOT SPLINTERED ROCK NEAR JESS BLICK AND RED LEAPED FOR HIM...

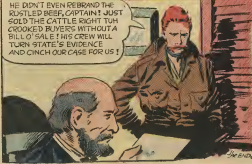


STAND STILL--GET YORE BREATH! CAPTAIN KIERNAN IS WAITIN' UP AHEAD TUH ESCORT YOU AND YORE CREW TUH JAIL!



LATER, AS THE SMALL RANCHERS CLAIMED THEIR CATTLE, RED GROGAN GAVE HIS REPORT TO CAPTAIN KIERNAN!

HE DIDN'T EVEN REBRAND THE RUSTLED BEEF, CAPTAIN! JUST SOLD THE CATTLE RIGHT TUH CROOKED BUYERS WITHOUT A BILL O' SALE! HIS CREW WILL TURN STATE'S EVIDENCE AND CINCH OUR CASE FOR US!

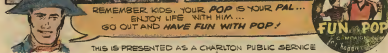




MR. DOON TAKES THE KIDS OUT FOR A VISIT TO THE RANCH OF THE CHEYENNE KID...



AFTER GETTING SETTLED, THE FUN BEGINS...





ROCKY LANE'S

BLACK JACK

THE HORSE HUNTER

RUSS LIND MADE HIS MONEY IN OIL... BUT HIS HOBBY WAS FINE HORSES! THE MARE HE RODE, GOLDIE, WAS THE FINEST IN THE WEST... AND, WHEN HE SAW BLACKJACK, HE WAS DETERMINED TO OWN HIM TOO! THE GREAT HUNTER HAD EXTRA TRACKERS TO HELP HIM...

HE'S IN THAT BOX CANYON, BOSS! HE'S GOT TUH BE!

YEAH, I THINK WE GOT HIM THIS TIME!



MASSEDGELO

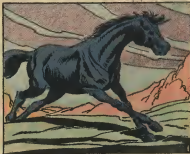
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LIND, A GOOD NATURED MAN, CHERISHED HIS GREAT MARE, GOLDIE! HE'D CAUGHT HER ON THE HIGH DESERT...

I RODE OUT LOOKIN' BOSS! BLACKJACK'S OUT THERE ALL RIGHT! I SAW HIS TRACKS!

ARE YUH SURE, BILL!

"COURSE I'M SURE, BOSS! WHEN BLACKJACK'S RUNNING, HE COVERS MORE GROUND EVERY JUMP THAN ANY OTHER HORSE LIVIN'!"



BLACK JACK

I'LL FIND HIM
FOR YUH, MR. LIND!
BUT I CAN'T
GUARANTEE
WE'LL CATCH
HIM!

WE'LL GET HIM--
I'VE GOT TWO
OTHER TRACKERS
WAITIN' FOR US
OUTSIDE OF TOWN!



THE FOUR MEN--ALL EXPERT TRACKERS
AND HORSEMEN-- TOOK BLACKJACK'S
TRAIL! JIM DOUTY FOUND THE
STALLION AS HE'D PROMISED!

THERE HE IS BOSS! HE KNOWS HE'S
SAFE AT THAT DISTANCE--HE'S
STANDIN' UP THERE LAUGHIN'
AT US!



FOLLOW ME!
WE'LL CATCH
HIM RIGHT
NOW!



YOU'RE OUTFOXIN'
YORESELF THIS
TIME, BOY!



BLACKJACK WAS ACTING DDD--HE
SEEMED CURIOUS, TOO ABSORBED IN
LIND AND HIS BEAUTIFUL MARE, GOLDIE,
TO CARE ABOUT THE ROPE!

THERE--THAT'LL
GET YUH!



I MISSED!



BLACK JACK

BLACKJACK RAN LIKE THE WIND... THEN, A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY, HE STOPPED AGAIN! RUSS LIND AND HIS HORSE HUNTERS WERE INFURIATED!

I'LL DOUBLE YORE PAY WHEN WE GET HIM! MOUNT UP!

HE'S PRETTY TRICKY, BOSS, BUT WE'LL SURE TRY!



EEEEAAHH



BLAST IT! I DON'T THINK GOLDIE CAN MAKE THAT LEAP! WHOA, GIRL!



POGGONE IT-- THAT BLACK STALLION GOT AWAY! WE'LL HAVE TO GO AROUND! WE'D BETTER CAMP SOMEWHERE FOR THE NIGHT!



RUSS LIND AND HIS BOYS CAMPED IN A NARROW CANYON! THEY PLANNED ON TRYING AGAIN IN THE MORNING!



THAT STALLION IS FAST-- BUT I'LL OUTSMART HIM YET!



Boys! Girls! Mothers! Dads!
TAKE 'EM FREE!

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Start NOW to Enjoy The Hobby of Presidents and Kings!

YOURS FREE—100 fascinating foreign stamps. Each different. Each worth real money. Total Catalog Value well over \$2.00. But they're yours FREE. And they haven't even been sorted as to worth, so there's no telling what treasures you may find among them!

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100 TOY SOLDIERS \$1.25

MADE OF DURABLE PLASTIC, EACH ON ITS OWN BASE, MEASURING UP TO 4 1/2"!"



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HERE'S MY \$1.25!

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C.O.D.'s

Rush the TOY SOLDIERS TO ME!

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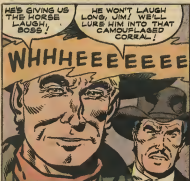
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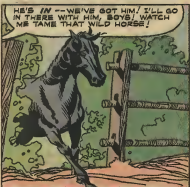
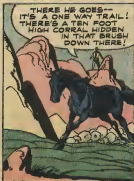
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BLACK JACK

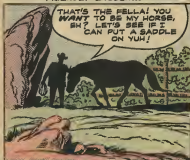
UNKNOWN TO BLACKJACK, ONE OF THE HUNTERS HAD GONE FOR WATER! HE STUMBLED INTO THE STALLION IN THE DARK!



BLACKJACK KNOWING THERE WAS DANGER, STAYED NEAR! LIND AND HIS MEN, EXPERTS AT THE GAME, GRADUALLY HERDED BLACKJACK TOWARD A SMALL VALLEY OPEN AT BOTH ENDS...



LIND HAD HIS LARIAT READY-- BUT HE DIDN'T NEED IT! BLACKJACK SEEMED FRIENDLY ENOUGH...



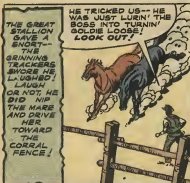
LIND WAITED FIFTEEN MINUTES TO MAKE FRIENDS-- THEN, SATISFIED THAT THE STALLION WOULDN'T FIGHT, HE UNSADDLED GOLDIE!



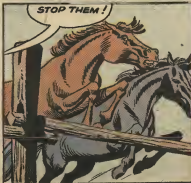
THE GREAT STALLION GAVE A SNORT--

THE GRINNING TRACKERS SWORE HE LAUGHED! LAUGH OR NOT, HE DID NIP THE MARE AND DRIVE HER TOWARD THE CORRAL FENCE!

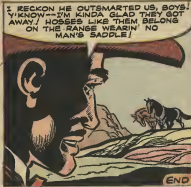
HE TRICKED US-- HE WAS JUST LURIN' THE BOSS INTO TURNIN' GOLDIE LOOSE! LOOK OUT!



STOP THEM!



I RECKON HE OUTSMARTED US, BOYS! Y'KNOW-- I'M KINDA GLAD THEY GOT AWAY! HOSSES LIKE THEM BELONG ON THE RANGE WEARIN' NO MAN'S SADDLE!



Just Pick the Kind of Body YOU Want

CHECK THE COUPON BELOW

...and SEE How EASILY You Can Have It!

Charles Atlas

"World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"



TROPHY GIVEN AWAY
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No gadgets, no contraptions. With "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply use the **DORMANT** muscle-power in your own God-given body. Before you know it, you're a **NEW MAN**—full of red-blooded get-up-and-go—healthy and handsome!

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Send for my famous book showing how "Dynamic Tension" makes you a new man. 32 pages packed with photographs and valuable advice. See what my method has done for thousands of fellows, young and old.

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"When I started your course I weighed only 145. Now weigh 175."
—T. E. R. Y



"Have put 3½" on chest (normal) 2½" expanded."
—F. B. H. Y



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- Skinny and Ras Dees?
- Overweight and Short of Breath?
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I tell you what you can do about these **HALF-ALIVE** symptoms in my valuable **FREE** book. Pick the kind of body you want—right in the coupon below. Mail it to me personally and I'll rush you my free book at once!

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Wilson Chemical Co., Dept 59-2
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 tubes of White COOLWHITE Brand SAUCE to sell at 50¢ a tube each
 (purple) I will return amount asked within 10 days. sell in Phoenix
 or keep. Cash Commission to explained under Phoenix mailing in
 writing sent with order postage paid to start. Be sure to send the
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